

Undying Love - Parts 1 & 2

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Summary: Squall and Rinoa go off to MSU. Things get rough at their first week of University.

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Squall and Rinoa go off to MSU and they discover, just what can happen if you're away from home. Meanwhile, more havoc is plowed upon his friends during his absence. Seems like Squall Leonhart was the glue between his friends that kept them together. When the glue brittles, just what will happen to his friends? Will Squall give up university to go back home?

(Yeah, yeah yeah. I hate that corny cliché too.)

"I'm gonna miss you man." said Zell.

"Me too. Call me up, and get me some phone numbers of some fine university chicks, okay?" asked Irvine.

Squall managed a small smile. It was times like this he wished he could kill them all. He then resumed packing. Squall had gotten a dorm room but he was moving in with Rinoa. Rinoa did not know about his dorm room. Most of his stuff, including his Gunblade was shipped to the dorm room. His key was to be picked up when he got there. But, he was also moving in with Rinoa. Squall wanted the dorm room, in case he got in a fight or when he needed privacy. He had met some of the people living in his dormitory building. He had managed to get one of the lucky ones to get a dorm look looking EXACTLY like his single dorm room at Garden. Headmaster Cid had told him that his nameplate would always be there, in case Squall chose to come back to Garden.

"Don't get into trouble Squall." said Quistis with a laugh.

"I won't, unless I decided to go into a frat and get drunk." replied Squall.

Quistis had feelings for Squall; unreserved ones. But she knew that it wouldn't work out, so she kept her feelings to herself but once in awhile she let Squall pick up on them. Oh, he knew of course, but then, Rinoa knew as well. Squall was enraptured by Rinoa and Quistis knew that he would be hers. She saw Squall climb into the car and Rinoa climb in beside him. He put on his seatbelt and poked his head out the window.

"Bye guys. See you on Thanksgiving." said Squall.

"Bye Squall! Bye Rinoa! Good luck guys!" said Selphie and the others.

He drove off and Rinoa rested her head on his shoulder. She felt uncomfortable without them talking, chattering around them, but Squall was used to it. He had locked himself in his dorm room several times, enjoying the peacefulness, the quiet and the stillness.

"Squall?" asked Rinoa.

"Yeah?" asked Squall.

"Are you going to open up more in university?" asked Rinoa.

"We will see Rinoa." replied Squall.

They fell silent again and Rinoa fell asleep and Squall focused on his driving, as they neared the airport. He was not allowed to take the Ragnarok, since nobody was willing to go and pilot it back. He parked at the airport and he slung his duffel bag over his shoulder; the same duffel bag he would use in MSU. A Seed had accompanied them, so that they would take the car back. Squall waved goodbye to Nida, who had accompanied them.

"Good luck Squall, and don't get into trouble!" said Nida.

"I won't. And don't go around crashing the Garden." replied Squall.

"I always knew you were more comfortable around me." said Nida.

He smiled as he drove off. Squall kissed Rinoa on the cheek as they walked into the airport and boarded the plane. After going through customs and luggage check, Rinoa and Squall settled into their seats. But Squall, remained quiet as he stared out at the scenery. His heart yerned back at Garden, his hand wanting to hold his Gunblade, but his Gunblade was at the dorm. The first thing he would do when he got to UNC, was to set up his single dorm room so that someone thought that he lived there. He would keep the Gunblade there, of course. He had it shipped and they had allowed it through customs since he was a Seed. He would always be one. He had received a special lapel; the Seed logo. He felt Rinoa's hand on his shoulder, but he did not care.

"It's going to be okay Squall. I promise." said Rinoa.

He nodded slightly. But, something told him that being away from home was going to break all of them. Something was going to happen to everyone, including him. Everyone. Zell, Rinoa, Irvine, Selphie, Quistis, Nida and him. Everyone. Squall tried hard to shake the feeling off but he couldn't. It remained even as the plane took off for his new school; Michigan State University. He leaned his head against the window as he closed his eyes and fell into a dreamless sleep.

Squall woke with a jolt. The plane was landing and Rinoa was ecstatic. Their parents knew about them living together, but did not approve of it. But, Rinoa knew that they could not afford the dorms on their own. Rinoa and Squall got off the plane with their luggage and went through customs. Squall was glad he had a valid firearm/weapon license from Garden. All students carried it and he was allowed to send his Gunblade to and from Balamb Garden. Squall hailed a cab and drove to the campus. Squall paid the cabbie and walked on campus.

"Woah...." said Rinoa.

They walked into their new apartment and unpacked. Since they didn't have much to unpack, they were done in several hours. Then, Squall put everything from his duffel bag into his drawer and went off to buy his textbooks and to settle in his dorm room so that people would think he lived there. Squall got his textbooks in several hours since the lineup was long. He then devoted 6 hours to set up his dorm room. During that time, his new friends had come over and helped him out. They gave him some help and admired his large collection of military textbooks, magazines and other related stuff. All of it from Garden. Of course, they admired his Gunblade; the Lionheart.

"Well. I'd better get back to Rinoa." said Squall.

"Cool. We'll see in the classes man. Since we do have 2 classes together." said one.

"Later Max, Jason, Terry." said Squall.

"Later Squall." they said.

Squall locked his dorm room with the key and returned to the apartment. He walked in through the door and Rinoa was cooking dinner.

"What took you so long?" asked Rinoa.

"Bought textbooks and looked around campus." Squall lied.

"I have a feelings that the lineup was long." said Rinoa.

Squall kissed her neck as he showered and climbed out. When he got out, dinner was ready and he sat down with Rinoa to eat.

The next morning, Rinoa glanced at the other side of the bed, but Squall was not there. He had already left for school. His duffel bag was gone, and on the stand beside Rinoa, was a vase with a single red-rose. Squall had left it. She smiled as she got up and got ready for school. A note was left on the table.

'Your breakfast is all ready. I'm sorry that I wasn't there when you woke up. It hurt to not to wake up looking into your brown eyes. I'll see you at lunch.

~Love, Squall'

A smile lit up her face. He knew exactly how to make Rinoa feel special. She knew that nothing would come between her and Squall.

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"Nida, I have to talk to you." said Quistis.

"Sure hon. What's up?" asked Nida.

"Did you tell Squall about the wedding?" asked Quistis.

"Uh...no. I didn't want to make Squall feel that he had to stay here. And he really did want to go." said Nida.

"Zell said that Squall didn't like being away from his friends and family." said Quistis.

They shrugged as they stared into each other's eyes, letting them know each other's desires.

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In class, Squall was a top student. Years of discipline and learning to focus had made him a top student in each class, getting high grades. Rinoa was the same, only she lacked discipline. She studied hard but Squall was always away; several hours at a time. He studied in his dorm room and came back in time for dinner. Rinoa was hurt.

"Squall, are you seeing someone else?" asked Rinoa.

Squall quickly stood up.

"W-what? I walk in from studying and you are implying that I'm seeing someone else behind your back? Rinoa, are you okay?" asked Squall.

"I-It's just that you're away so much. And I miss you." said Rinoa.

He sat back down and held Rinoa's hand and used his other hand to caress her cheek, and wipe the tear that had escaped her eye.

"I will never cheat on you. Count on that. I need to keep high grades so that I can be a good student." said Squall.

She believed him. Rinoa smiled and leaned forward to kiss him. Squall leaned and kissed her. After holding their kiss, Rinoa broke it and sat down breathlessly. He gave a sly smile. Squall Leonhart; always knew when a girl 'needed' something. As he got up to put the dishes in the sink, the phone rang. Rinoa walked to the phone and picked it up.

Rinoa stepped out of the house and walked to Brad's car. He started up the engine as she climbed into the passenger seat and drove away. Squall saw that out of the corner of his eye and shut his textbook. Squall decided that this wasn't the way to go. It was impossible to

live with Rinoa when she cheats on him. He opened his textbook and decided to confront her when she got back home.

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Zell was working with the cadets in the Training Center to sharpen up their skills for their field test. They were SeeD candidates, but most of them had no chance, since the current SeeDs were the only ones they needed, but one SeeD was missing; Squall. He was the commander of SeeD and he was at Michigan State; studying. Zell wished that he would come back to Garden; to SeeD. It was overwhelming for everyone, since they had to adapt to the changes. They thought that Squall had it easy as a commander, but it was harder than it looked. He went on solo missions a lot and he had to keep everyone in line; junior cadets, senior cadets and other SeeDs.

"Oh man. I never knew how hard Squall had. I wonder how he did it." said Zell.

"We all miss commander Leonhart Zell." said a cadet.

"Yeah. Me too." said the other cadets.

It was hard. Too hard.

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Squall looked at his textbook and took notes. He then highlighted the most important parts and jotted them down. He had an assortment of black binders, all labeled what class it was used for. He could always change the label. His duffel bag held his dorm key, his apartment key, his binders, textbooks and his pencil case. He walked to the fridge and took out a bottle of water and drank it down. He looked out the window and wondered how Zell and the others were faring with his duties.

"They don't know what they're in for." he chuckled softly.

At the movies, Rinoa squirmed and pushed Brad away. He had tried to kiss her yet again and it was making her uncomfortable.

"Brad, stop." she hissed.

He slapped her across the face. Everyone turned around to look. His green eyes darted around nervously. Rinoa held up a hand against her stinging cheek and looked at him with pure hatred. She fled from the theatre, with Brad chasing after her. He then caught up to her and grabbed her arm.

"LET GO!!!" she screamed.

He didn't. He grabbed her more roughly and pushed her against the wall. Brad kissed her. Hard. She didn't like his tongue snaking into her mouth. She pushed him away and ran to the nearest place of refuge; the apartment. Luckily the apartment in which she shared with Squall was only a block away. Being trained with SeeDs, she ran to the apartment and locked the door. Squall stood up and calmly walked towards her. She stared at him, with fear in her eyes. He folded his arms in front of his chest.

"Why are you breathing so hard? And why are you home so early?" asked Squall.

"S-someone tried to rape me Squall." she said tearily.

He did not show any feelings.

"Was it that guy you got into the car with?" asked Squall coldly.

Rinoa was trapped. In the apartment she was confronting Squall and outside she was confronting a rapist. She had no choice. She tried to step towards Squall, but he backed away.

"Stay away from me Rinoa. Don't come near me." he said.

Squall had packed up his things into his duffel bag and he slung it over his shoulder and grabbed the doorknob.

"I'm moving into the dorm. I got one when I first registered. Stay away from me." said Squall.

He opened the door, walked out and slammed the door shut. Rinoa locked the door and flung herself onto the couch and cried. Her body shook as her sobs racked through her body.

Meanwhile, he saw the boy that Rinoa had gotten into the car with. He was the person who Rinoa was talking about. Squall dropped his duffel bag, and punched the guy in the face. Startled, the guy fell backwards and slammed his head against the wall. He looked up at Squall.

"Don't try to rape my ex-girlfriend dumbass, or you'll find your face fucked up." said Squall.

He walked away, picking up his duffel bag along the way. It was easy to say his ex, but it was harder to face.

Rinoa heard a slam and Squall's words.

'Don't try to rape my ex-girlfriend dumbass, or you'll find your face fucked up.'

It hurt. Too much. His only boyfriend, her true love had referred to her as his ex and it hurt Rinoa. She had never felt pain that hurt like this. Rinoa had never experienced rejection. Squall had experienced it too much to bug him. It was like as their history had never existed.

"Squall....come back...." she whispered in a tear-roughened voice.

Rinoa dragged herself off the couch and stumbled to the phone. She dialed Quistis' number with shaky fingers. It picked up after the first ring.

"Hello?" asked Quistis.

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"WHAT? YOU DID WHAT?!?!?" shouted Quistis.

She couldn't believe it. Their first week on the campus and he had already ran out on her. He had a valid reason; Rinoa cheated on him with a rapist. Even though Quistis felt bad for Rinoa, she felt even worse for Squall. He was a great guy. Very faithful and trustworthy. She had never thought of Squall as a guy who would give up his girl because of one mistake. But it was a mistake that broke his trust in her.

"I-I didn't mean to. The answer just slipped out." Rinoa stumbled.

Quistis couldn't believe this. It was just too horrible for words. Rinoa? Squall? Broken up? It made no sense. Unfortunately, she was on speaker phone; and Zell plus the others were around and heard the conversation. Zell was shocked. Squall had broken up with Rinoa. The same Squall Leonhart that had been his childhood friend had dumped Rinoa Heartilly. It was like a nightmare come true.

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Author's Notes:

This is my first FF8 fanfic, so please bear with me if it's crude and very fast moving. That is my style. I'm sorry. If you want me to change my style, please say so on the review or even e-mail me at: max.evans@hotmail.com. My alias is Ashura.

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